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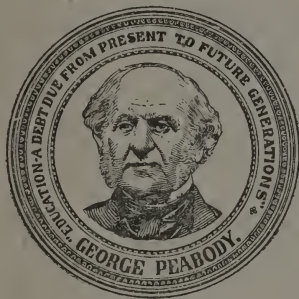
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January, 1909.

University of Nashville
Bulletin of Information

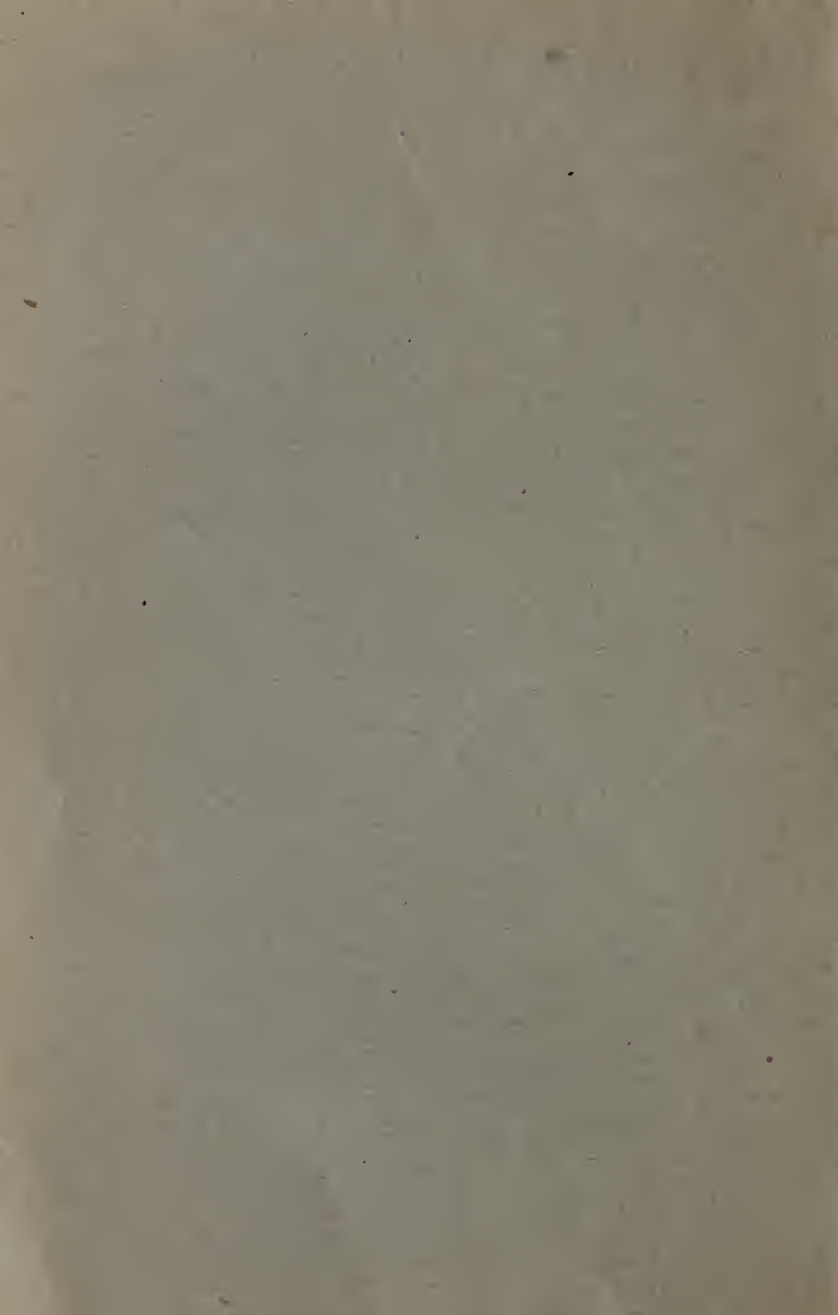
PEABODY COLLEGE
FOR
TEACHERS



John M. Bass Memorial.

Published by
University of Nashville
January, May, June, July, September and November
Nashville, Tenn.

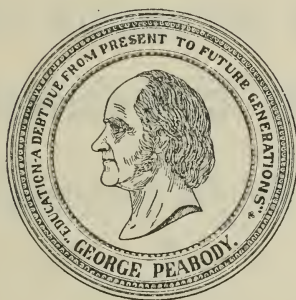
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PEABODY COLLEGE

FOR

TEACHERS



John M. Bass Memorial.

NASHVILLE, TENN.
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE
1909.



Memorial Exercises

Held by

The University of Nashville
Peabody College for Teachers

November 23, 1908,

In Commemoration of the Life and Services
of

John Meredith Bass,

Together with resolutions adopted by the
Institutions with which he
was connected,

And tributes from the
Members of Peabody Faculty and
other friends.

On the Death of John W. Bass

*We thought that Death was hard and harsh, a Doomer of dread power;—
Ah no! his wings wave gently as the petals of a flower.*

What hath he done? Why have we watched and wept?
He touched our friend's tired eyelids, and he slept.

What hath he taken? Not the kindly smile,
The sterling worth, the wisdom without guile.

How hath he wronged us? Still we have our friend;
For love and trust there cannot be an end.

Who mourneth overmuch, and murmureth?
The Soul that made shall care for him in death.

The mortal in him slept, th' immortal changed:
Over the hills of Heaven he hath ranged,—

A boundless country, and a beautiful;
And Death its usher is and sentinel,
Who seals the eyes of them he loveth well
(And *all* he loveth well!),
Till they have journeyed whither they may not tell,—
A boundless country, and a beautiful!

Ah, what their secret? Why does none return?
Their Mentor Death hath won them, long they learn.

Gladly they wander with him far and high;—
Death's Love's disguise to all of them that die.

*We thought that Death was hard and harsh, a Doomer of dread power;—
Ah no! his wings wave gently as the petals of a flower.*

—GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.

On Monday morning, November 23, 1908, memorial exercises were held in the College Chapel in honor of Mr. John Meredith Bass, late Secretary and Treasurer of Peabody College for Teachers, and Trustee of the University of Nashville. The faculties and students of Peabody, the Medical Department, Winthrop Preparatory School, and Montgomery Bell Academy were in attendance, and representatives from these institutions delivered addresses and read resolutions which are presented in the following pages, together with the tributes from the individual members of the Peabody faculty, and other admirers.

Addresses

President James D. Porter.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

JOH^N M. BASS was born in Nashville, Tennessee, October 23, 1845. He bore the name of his father, long a leading citizen and business man of Nashville. His mother was a daughter of Felix Grundy, and was conspicuous in the social life of the city. Mr. Bass was a pupil of the eminent Nathaniel Cross and other local teachers, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts at Bethany College, Virginia, then under the presidency of the distinguished Alexander Campbell. He took his junior year course at the law school of the University of Virginia, and spent his senior year at the law school of Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tennessee, where he received his diploma. He entered upon the practice of his chosen profession with encouraging prospects of success. A man with his high sense of honor, with his industry, good sense, intelligence and correct habits commands success in any department of life. But his father requiring his services in the care of large planting interests on the Arkansas River, he abandoned at once the hope of professional employment and advancement, and spent the best years of his life on the plantation, burying his ambition in the unprofitable cotton fields. Returning to Nashville with his taste for the law in eclipse, he made no effort to regain his position at the bar. On the death of his father, for many years a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Nashville, he was elected his successor.

His distinguished grandfather had served for many years as one of the trustees, and his love for and devotion to the college was, as he often said, the best part of his inheritance. On the death of his friend

and my honored kinsman, Edward D. Hicks, Secretary and Treasurer of the University Board, he was made his successor, and soon thereafter was assigned to the same duty with the Peabody College for Teachers, and all expenditures on account of the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund was made through and by him. The administration of Mr. Bass embraced the financial affairs of the University of Nashville and all of its schools, the Peabody College, the Medical Department, Montgomery Bell Academy and the Winthrop Preparatory School. It was exact and self-explanatory, every penny was accounted for and a voucher was filed showing by what authority the appropriation was made. Expenditures for all purposes were made by him; he was superintendent of buildings and grounds, and guardian of the young ladies and young men; was the depository of their troubles and sorrows, and always their intelligent guide and friend. In sickness the student body received his watchful care, and in its exercise it was affectionate and paternal. Who can forget his watchfulness and tenderness? He was a student, and kept in touch with schools and literary men, and was himself a writer of taste and judgment. He was for twelve years Secretary of the Tennessee Historical Society, two years co-editor and contributor to the *American Historical Magazine*, and was a student of current and past history. In that field he was one of the foremost men of our State. At the time of his death he was preparing a history of the life work of his distinguished grandfather, and it is a distinctive loss to the State that he could not live to consummate a work of real value. He was the active and unselfish friend of this college; he believed that a career of distinction and usefulness was in sight for it, and his fondest hope was to see the fulfillment of his wishes.

Mr. Bass was a thorough gentleman; a gentleman born, and by education and environment. He never had an associate outside of

his class, and he combined with these qualities practical sense and judgment. His judgment was manifested when he assumed control of the office he filled so well. He cleared the financial atmosphere of the college; business methods were introduced, and his influence and example were so potent that adverse criticism shrank from his presence. My association with him during the past seven years gave me a better opinion of men. Polite, courteous, tolerant, generous, he grew on me day by day. His brother was my school-fellow here; his father and my own were friends and school-fellows at Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky. This brought us together years ago, but my association with him here cemented this inherited friendship.

His immediate friends will derive comfort from the knowledge that his high ideals came from his heart and brain, and that they entered into his daily transactions with the humblest and the highest. His influence will be lasting and far reaching; every young man and young woman student has felt it, and it will be an inheritance that will be fadeless and enduring as his memory.

Professor J. I. D. Hinds, Dean of the Faculty of Peabody
College for Teachers.

AS the stream flows downward from the mountain height, moves across the fertile valleys, and speeds onward to the sea, so the life of man goes on—resistlessly, inexorably on—and no earthly power of will or of material force can stay its tide. As day follows day we see our companions falling one by one; we see the ranks of the friends of our youth growing thinner and thinner, and we realize that we also are only waiting for the summons, and that it is sure to come—it may be soon, it may be late. It behooves us all then to make such wise preparation that when our summons does come to join

*“The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death.”
We “go not like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach ‘our’ grave
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.”*

Life is a surprise and death a mystery.

*“We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”*

We begin the day with sleep and end it in sleep. The day-dawn of our existence awakes us from sleep, and at death we lie down to slumber. As the sleep of night is dissipated by the morning light, so we hope for a dawn beyond the grave which will not fade away, and a life not "rounded with a sleep."

I have known Mr. Bass intimately only since my connection with the college began. I have always found him courteous, accommodating and kind; ready to grant any reasonable request, and always very much of a gentleman. He was socially a good fellow. He loved a jest, and was a good story teller. He was strictly honest and truthful, and uprightness and integrity were among his marked characteristics.

Of the many virtues which Mr. Bass possessed I shall take time now to mention only two. The first of these was his solicitude for others and his kindly interest in them. His watchful eye was ever upon the students, and he was concerned about their health, their well-being, their deportment and their success. He was sympathetic and ready to assist and advise. He was impatient of wrong-doing, but patient with the wrong-doer. He had an acute sense of propriety, and was always pained when anyone was guilty of rude or unbecoming conduct. I have often noticed the expression of distress in his face at the chapel services when anything occurred which was not in accord with his sense of propriety.

The second virtue to which I desire to refer is our friend's devotion to the college and to his duty. As Secretary and Treasurer of the institution, he gave to it his most ardent and devoted service. No one so much as he, unless it be our good Chancellor, was waiting with such solicitude for the permanent establishment and endowment of the college. He served the college with his whole energy, often prolonging his hours of labor and giving to his duties time which should

have been spent in rest and recreation. As the dispenser of the funds of the college, he studied the strictest economy, and was careful to see that no dollar was wasted or injudiciously spent. He handled checks for the students for their accommodation, often at much inconvenience to himself, and sometimes at pecuniary loss. Although for many months his failing health brought him much suffering and nervous weakness, he maintained a cheerful exterior and wonderful self-control. Knowing the frailties of human nature and the multiform temptations with which men are surrounded, he was always solicitous for the reputation of his friends, and a characteristic question which he was wont to ask on meeting you was, "How is your character this morning?" At the same time he was equally concerned about his own reputation. He was exceedingly sensitive to public opinion, and was careful that his public acts should not carry with them the least taint of suspicion. He was a good and faithful steward; not a dollar ever passed through his hands without being properly accounted and vouched for.

Our friend is gone. His final account is handed in, and has been audited, and I have no doubt he has already received the commendation, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Dr. S. S. Crockett, Representing the Medical Department.

Mr. Chancellor, Ladies and Gentlemen:

*A*T the death of a good man, like the one whose memory we meet this morning to commemorate, the community at large, in its feeble, human way, experiences a distinct loss. He was taken from us apparently at the zenith of his usefulness. The department that I have the honor to represent this morning experiences peculiar grief in the death of Mr. Bass. He was the constant friend of our department. During the days of our adversity it was Mr. Bass who continually gave us encouragement and held before us prophetic expressions of hope and cheerfulness, and no one rejoiced more than he when the day of our success came.

In expressing the grief that we feel as a department, I am instructed likewise to express the grief of every individual connected with us. We ask permission to assemble, as it were, around the newly-made grave of Mr. Bass and add our grief to that of his sorrowing friends; to add our sobs to their sobs, and mingle our tears with theirs.

I have the honor to lay before you a small tribute that shall become a part of the permanent records of the Medical Department.

(The resolutions adopted by the Medical Department are given in another part of this memorial.)

Dr. Albert T. Barrett, Director of Winthrop
Preparatory School.

MY acquaintance with Mr. Bass, extending through several years, gradually ripened into friendship, and at his death there had grown between us an attachment so strong that I esteem it a distinct privilege to offer at this time my humble tribute to his memory. As is doubtless true of most men of his age, his strongest attachments were of the past, and much of his thinking was reminiscent. Still he was thoroughly awake to the present, and so far as this college is concerned, was profoundly interested in plans which involve the future.

There was in the character of Mr. Bass an element of heroism which we who have known him well cannot overlook. From what he has told me it is evident that he was aware that death without warning was likely to occur to him at any moment. That he, conscious of this fact, could move among us month after month in that genial spirit of cordiality which seemed to possess him; thinking of others rather than himself, reveals to me more than anything else the poise and heroism of his character. The possibility of sudden death makes most men grave, but to face the practical certainty of death without a moment's warning and still show to the world a tranquil mind and sympathetic nature requires courage, culture and self-control of the highest type.

Integrity, and devotion to friends were to me his prominent characteristics. As a consequence of his own honesty, he was extremely intolerant of anything approaching pretense on the part of others. His test of merit was substantial worth, and all other considerations were to him matters of supreme indifference.

He was a man of strong sympathies, and those who were in greatest need of counsel and assistance were the ones who appealed to him most. He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of helpfulness. He was what the world most needs to-day, and what the world mourns when such a one is gone, a tenderhearted, upright man.

His associations at this college were by him more valued than most of us knew. He has said to me, more than once, that if he were deprived of them he believed he would not live a month. The zeal with which he seemed to cling to this environment, even when in feeble health, was at times pathetic. It is a satisfaction to us to know that however much we were attached to him, we in turn contributed in large measure to his happiness. Our affection for him he deemed priceless.

We have laid in the earth no man of iron mold, no warrior of fame, but a dear friend of tender spirit, gentle in mien and mind, one in whose heart dwelt the smile of kindness.

There is in life no blessing like affection. Life has naught else that may supply its place. Without it ambition is void, pride is cold, and wealth an empty glitter.

Mr. Bass was a man of strong affections, a man of deep emotion, a man who did not regard coldness as a sign of strength, or making the ways of others difficult a proof of his own superiority. In our hearts to-day are blooming flowers of affection such as we have not known. The seeds were there, but the magic touch of loss was needed to wake them to life. Through our grief there have sprung into life loving thoughts that we did not cherish when he, who is now gone, was with us. Love is greater than death, survives it, and is intensified by it.

Though we who remain shall miss the absent one, the memory of his acts of kindness, his words of encouragement, will be an inspiration to us to make our lives more vital with the spirit of helpfulness, more aglow with the warmth of human sympathy.

Professor S. M. D. Clark, Principal of Montgomery
Bell Academy.

I *was my privilege to be quite intimately acquainted with Mr. John M. Bass, and yet, I dare say, many of you have been so intimately associated with him that what I shall mention as traits worthy of notice will seem to you very trite.*

I first met Mr. Bass in the latter part of the sixties. Then I lost sight of him, but in 1885, when his son, John, entered the Montgomery Bell Academy, I saw Mr. Bass quite frequently. I was attracted by the flora of Tennessee, and with his son went into the Overton hills in search of some special varieties of flowers. I soon found out that Mr. John Bass, Sr., was fond of the country, fond of the hills and their wooded crests and slopes, and that he knew much of forestry, and loved to climb the Overton hills in search of information. Later, I found he was fond of fishing, and on one occasion I had the pleasure of being one of this fishing and camping party of father and son. Here the true relationship of father and son was evinced, and in such days as these it was beautiful to see, as well as encouraging to one who was in the schoolroom, trying to exert an influence for good.

Mr. Bass was a well-poised man. You never saw him in what we might term "a hurry." He was always self-contained. He was always ready. He hastened slowly, but surely. He took no backward steps. He was always courteous and polite. Did you ever hear him use tart speech, or see him rough in manner? I never did.

But do not imagine from what I have said that he was a negative character. You could stir the ashes and soon discover there was a

hidden fire beneath. How, then, do you account for this equanimity of spirit, this calm and courteous demeanor, this self-control, this equipoise? It seems to me the outer man was the reflex of the inner man, and the hidden main-spring of that inner man was the fact that he was a Christian man, and as such was striving to live the true Christian life, and the outer man was simply a daily reflex of the inner man and his desires. How well the inner man succeeded, all of us know.

Dr. Charles Edgar Little.

I RESPOND to your call, Mr. President, and take my part in the attempt of this hour to pay fitting tribute to the worth of Mr. Bass, all the more willingly because I have at least one distinct impression of him. I wish to express in sincere words and few the phase of his life which came within my knowledge. Fully to portray any life calls for many points of view and many observers. Many aspects of Mr. Bass's life will be presented by other speakers, but I intend to limit myself to emphasizing his integrity. This was a quality so prominent in him and is withal so noble a human trait, that I have no apology to offer for dwelling upon it only.

Integrity was the keynote to Mr. Bass's everyday dealings. I am speaking now of business integrity, but we must of course bear in mind its connection with moral integrity in the largest sense, of which I shall speak presently. Mr. Bass had large money dealings, both in the affairs of his own family and in those of the numerous trust funds committed to him. In an age of high finance, of frenzied money getting, of low selfishness and petty graft, it is no small thing to say of a man that he was absolutely untouched by any of these prevalent infirmities. I do not care to emphasize the ability with which he managed these affairs, but rather the absolute cleanness, the almost knightly fervor with which he accounted even to the uttermost farthing for all funds handled by him. Not only in large trusts did he stand strong against any taint of corruption, but in small dealings he had the aristocrat's scorn for haggling over a few sorry pennies, which is also the honest man's contempt for a chance at wrongful gain. In personal transactions he was always frank. In the face of a suggested trick he was strictly, even sternly, honest. On more than one occasion I have known him to turn fiercely upon the pro-

poser of some questionable business. And it did not matter whether the sum involved was large or insignificant, his attitude was always the same. Some misunderstood his almost violent rectitude in these small matters, but I always honored him for it, and I have seen him tested in it again and again. Many regarded this trait in him as mere punctilio. It was much more; for it was a constant phenomenon in his life and must be reckoned a significant and virile factor in his character. It was his nature to repel with harshness and without parley any suggestion of crookedness. His personality came out on the same path in his transactions as trustee. He remembered that he was acting for others, not for himself; he remembered that any possible gain was the property of the trust, not his own. These things seem very easy to forget. To exploit trust funds for personal schemes now appears to have become almost the foundation axiom of finance. If the love of money be a root of all evil (and we have it upon good authority, in addition to the proof so abundant in the life of the present) surely then, handling money honestly is no slight test of a man's probity. In this regard Mr. Bass was a financial Puritan. All honor to his resolute, unflinching, heroic business integrity!

Now this business integrity expands over upon the domain of moral integrity in the largest sense. The gradation carries us insensibly from one to the other. Mr. Bass knew this and consciously, sacredly held fast to this pillar of character. He had no schemes to work, no fakes to exploit, no competition to ruin, no public to befool, no constituency to gull. His attitude was always to do the straight, frank thing, to meet every issue on its merits, to match fairness with fairness, to crush tricks with exposure. He hated shams, he loved candor. This lifts any character into the real presence of the eternal verities. For integrity taken by and large is the stout trellis of a man's being. Upon it may grow all the fruits and flowers of human life. Without it there is but tangled herbage, unlit by sun, and weeds.

Professor Harry P. Weld.

MY memory of Mr. Bass will always associate three traits which to me were characteristic of the man: his integrity, his culture, and his sympathetic kindness.

Of his integrity I shall say little, though it was undoubtedly the dominant trait of his life. A man, himself possessed of an unswerving sense of honesty, he demanded a similar justice and fair dealing from others. Not only was he of absolute integrity in large matters, but he exhibited the same traits in his smallest transactions. He was as conscientious in his use of college stationery and postage as in the care of the college funds which were intrusted to him. He was never satisfied with the letter of the law, nor would he excuse an unfairness in himself or others on the plea of customary practice. There was no equivocation about him, no parleying with questionable acts, only a straightforward and consistent honesty in all things and towards all men.

It is always a pleasure to meet a man of engrossing business cares who has found time to keep up his general culture. Such a man was Mr. Bass. His reading was extensive and varied. A recognized authority in history, especially in that of his own State, he was also conversant with fiction, memoirs and letters, and often quoted forgotten or unknown authors. Only a few weeks before his death he found a new interest in Ivanhoe, and at all times delighted in such books as *Inglewood Farm* (to which he sometimes referred), because of his own love of the flowers, the trees, the garden and all out of doors. He loved music; especially was he fond of the Italian opera. His favorite instrument was the violin, though he appreciated and enjoyed a good

voice. Often would he come to me whistling a scrap of melody which he could not locate.

Thus, he delved into an inconceivable number and variety of subjects, finding in life, wherever he touched it, a source of interest and instruction, all of which reacted upon him and made of him a man of wide culture and fine appreciation.

As to his kind heart, words fail where their need is greatest. Personally, I am indebted to him for many gracious favors, kindnesses which I could never hope to repay. His deeds were so modestly conceived and so delicately wrought that the world will never know how many persons he has touched in his considerate and tactful way. Surely he was a man of loving kindness and tender mercy.

So will we remember Mr. Bass, in whose integrity we felt secure, in whose personality we found a continued pleasure, in whose kindness of heart a silent sympathy. It was for these things we trusted him, honored him; for these things we loved him.

Rev. P. Y. Pendleton.

WE have listened to our speakers present the excellencies of Mr. Bass the man; but it is my unique privilege, fellow-students, to present him to you as of your own age—as a college student—for it was as such that I met him at the threshold of my life, in the early sixties, and as such that his memory was held up before me during all my childhood and youth.

As the accommodations at Bethany were very limited, the dormitory being inadequate, my father found it necessary to take many of the boys under his own roof, and so it came about that for a year or so Mr. Bass dwelt among us as part of the household, and his memory became an abiding presence there in all after years.

His deeds and ways were quoted to me by my parents as I grew to manhood, and became themes and examples for my guidance and instruction; and I wish to bear testimony this day that the boy was father to the man. Each incident to which you have listened has set the chords of memory vibrating, and everyone of them could be paralleled by excerpts from the reminiscences of those early days. The narratives to which I have listened sound through my soul like echoes of voices long silent, and waken to resurrection and to life scenes and impressions which are like forgotten dead. It dawns upon me with the force of a revelation that the student of Bethany was the youthful epitome of this fully developed father to the students of this institution, and I wish therefore to bring home to them the helpful lesson that the character of to-morrow must spring from the seeds of to-day. If, like our sainted dead, you would be punctual, upright, honest, sensitive to

evil, an inspiration to goodness, self-poised and knightly, begin the practice of these virtues now, and some day your memory may also be honored, as is that of our friend on this occasion.

His was a rounded, full-orbed Christian character, such as makes it easy to believe in the doctrine of a future life; for such spirits live ever in their influence and memory, and were not born to die.

Resolutions

Adopted by the Board of Trustees of the
University of Nashville.

LATE in the afternoon of Wednesday, November 11th, at Union Station in the city of Nashville, while waiting to take the train for his home, John M. Bass, one of the Trustees of the University of Nashville, Secretary of the Board, and also Secretary and Treasurer of the Peabody College for Teachers, suffered a severe paralytic stroke. He was tenderly removed to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Whitefoord R. Cole, where, shortly after twelve o'clock on Thursday, November 19th, death came to relieve him of his suffering. His funeral was attended by a representative gathering of the citizens of Nashville who, in this quiet way, testified their sorrow at his departure, and also their appreciation of him as a man of the highest integrity, a citizen of very pronounced worth.

Mr. Bass was a grandson of Felix Grundy, one of the greatest lawyers the State of Tennessee ever had. He was the son of John M. Bass, Sr., a well remembered citizen of Nashville, who so held the confidence of his fellow citizens that on a memorable occasion they, with one accord, recommended him to the Presiding Chancellor as a fit person to be appointed Receiver of the city. He accepted the office, and, acting in conjunction with his honored associates, rescued the city from the peril into which it had been thrown by those who had obtained control, but who

were not truly identified with the best interests of the city. The same regard for his fellow citizens possessed by the father, and manifested by a constant, exercised desire to serve them in many important ways, was a marked characteristic of the son, whose death all classes now deplore.

Mr. Bass is survived by his wife, a daughter of another honored citizen, the late Dr. W. W. Berry, and also by his son, Dr. John M. Bass, and his two daughters, Mrs. W. R. Cole, of Nashville, and Mrs. James Allison, of St. Louis. Happily, they were all at his bedside, to bid him a fond farewell.

Mr. Bass was a member of the Christian Church of Nashville. He was not only a professed, but a real Christian, as those intimately acquainted with him can very truly testify.

His fellow Trustees of the University of Nashville are unwilling to have so valuable a member of the Board of Trustees, who gave such zealous, faithful service to the institutions which he served, pass into the Beyond without making some record of the esteem in which they held him.

Be it therefore resolved, That in the death of John M. Bass, the University of Nashville and the Peabody College for Teachers lose a faithful officer, an earnest friend to every high purpose cherished by these two institutions.

Be it further resolved, That his fellow Trustees, whose labors, his ability and fidelity so much lightened, sincerely mourn, in his death, the departure of a true gentleman, a faithful fellow worker in a great cause to which he, especially, gave the fullest years of a well spent life.

Be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to his beloved wife and children.

Be it further resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Board of Trustees of the University of Nashville, as a recorded testimonial of the regard in which Mr. Bass was held by his official associates who were also his intimate friends.

ROBERT EWING,

OVERTON LEA,

C. D. BERRY,

Committee, and the Schoolmates of his Youth.

JAMES D. PORTER,

Chancellor.

H. M. DOAK,

EDGAR JONES,

MARK S. COCKRILL,

JOHN M. THOMPSON,

G. H. BASKETTE,

R. L. C. WHITE,

M. B. HOWELL,

G. P. THRUSTON,

G. N. TILLMAN,

J. W. BONNER,

J. M. GAUT,

Trustees.

Adopted by the Faculty of Peabody College for Teachers.

THE members of the Faculty of Peabody College for Teachers, University of Nashville, desire to express their deep sorrow at the death of John M. Bass, to whose whole-souled devotion, both as Trustee and Secretary, this institution owes much.

His deep interest in all that concerned the College, the nobility of his character, the geniality of his disposition, and his uniform courtesy won for him the esteem and affectionate regard of both teachers and students. In his death the College has lost a true and zealous friend.

We extend our special sympathy to the members of his family.

Signed :

J. I. D. HINDS,	}	<i>Committee.</i>
J. B. WHAREY,		
C. E. LITTLE,		
E. W. KENNEDY,		
D. S. HILL,		
JOSIAH MORSE,		
J. S. CALDWELL,		

Adopted by the Faculty of the Medical Department.

WHEREAS, By the will of God, our friend, John M. Bass, has been permitted to lay down the burden he has so nobly borne to the honor of the educational interests of the South in general, and of this University in particular, and being mindful of his wise counsel and influence, exerted always for the best interests of the Medical Department,

Be it resolved, That the Faculty of this Department deeply feel our loss in this hour;

Be it resolved, That we extend to his bereaved family our sympathy in their great sorrow;

Be it further resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the permanent records of this Department of the University, and a copy be sent to the Press of this city.

Signed by the Committee:

S. S. CROCKETT,
M. C. MCGANNON,
L. B. GRADDY,
JAMES M. KING.

Adopted by the Faculty and Students of Montgomery
Bell Academy.

THE Faculty and student body of Montgomery Bell Academy having heard with deep sorrow of the death of Mr. John M. Bass, Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Trustees of the University of Nashville, and *ex officio* member of the Committee on the Montgomery Bell Academy, desire to put on record their appreciation of his merits, and the value of his services. His courteous and affable manner stamped him as a type of the "Old School." His pleasant smile and warm greeting were incentives to both teacher and pupil. His faithfulness in the discharge of all his duties is an example worthy of imitation. His love for his State and her history commends itself to all, and is worthy of emulation. His family relations commend him to all. Therefore,

Resolved, That in his death his family has lost a devoted husband and father; the community a man of sterling worth; education a staunch supporter; the Board of Trustees a worthy member, and an efficient Secretary and Treasurer; and this institution a valued friend and supporter.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and a copy of the same be sent to his family.

S. M. D. CLARK, *Principal*.

A. S. DALE, *Secretary*.

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OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

Adopted by the Students of Peabody College.

IN the death of Mr. Bass we, the students of Peabody College, realize that we sustain an irreparable loss, and that we are deprived of a paternal friend and counsellor.

Inasmuch as the loss of his kindly care and counsel is deeply felt by us, we desire in this way to express our grief at his death and our sincere gratitude for his untiring interests and efforts in our behalf. We furthermore desire to extend our heartfelt sympathy to his relatives and friends, and to have this expression from us read at his memorial service held in Peabody Chapel, and later to have it placed in the BULLETIN issued to his memory.

ROY MCKENZIE,
C. O. BAILEY,
J. L. MOORE,
ORBEN HARRIS,
EDITH McMILLAN,
LUCY SCARBROUGH,
Committee.

Adopted by the Faculty of Watkins Institute Night School.

WHEREAS, Our Father in heaven, in his infinite wisdom, called the spirit of Mr. John M. Bass from earth to occupy the mansion our Saviour has prepared for him; and,

WHEREAS, Inasmuch as Mr. John M. Bass was one of the Commissioners and Chairman of the Board, and has for the past several years been very ambitious for the success of the Watkins Institute Night School, and has always encouraged and by kind words strengthened the Faculty and buoyed the pupils; and,

WHEREAS, Our souls are grieved, our spirits are drooping, and our hearts are filled with sorrow over the execution of the divine law which has taken him away from us;

Therefore, while "the silver chord has been loosed, the golden bowl has been broken, and silent mourners go about the streets," we commend his spirit to God who gave it; we mourn not as those without hope, but with the perfect assurance that we will meet him over there.

Be it resolved, That the Watkins Institute has lost a valuable counselor, a noble, just and true friend, and the Faculty a beloved vicegerent.

Be it resolved, That these resolutions be furnished the Press of the city, spread upon the records of the Watkins Institute, and a copy furnished the bereaved family.

ALEXANDER FALL,

Superintendent of School.

JOS. S. CARELS,

Superintendent of Watkins Institute.

MISS F. G. PORTER,

MRS. L. T. DAVIS,

MRS. A. J. CAVERT,

MR. R. L. BENTON,

MR. J. S. JOHNSON,

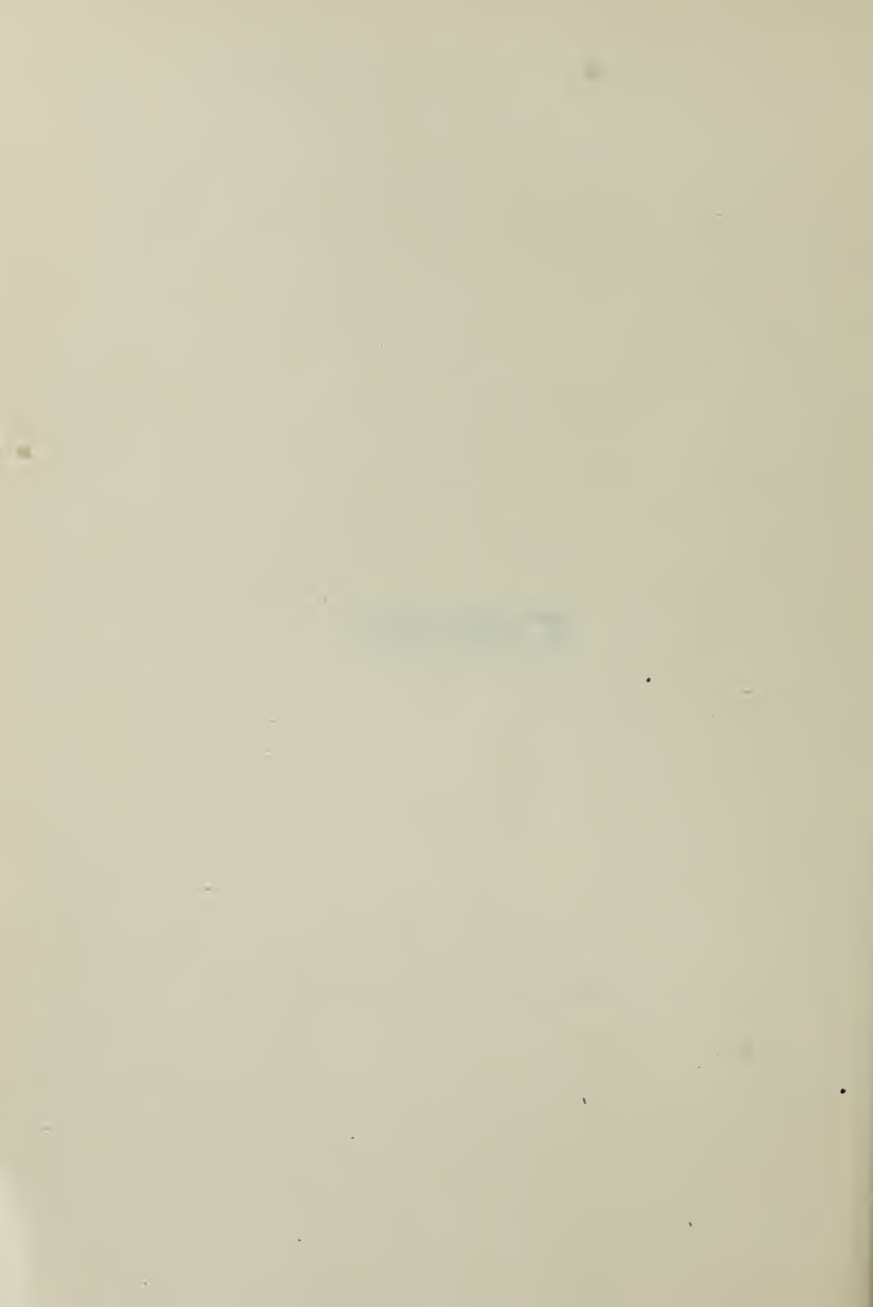
MRS. C. J. METZ,

MRS. ALEX. FALL,

MRS. W. S. HILL,

MR. J. H. MCNEILLY.

Tributes



Tributes.

IN the death of Mr. John M. Bass, Peabody College has lost a true and loyal friend, one who will be sorely missed; for the welfare of this institution was dearer to him than all other interests. It surmounted and crowned them all.

Mr. Bass possessed a versatile mind, high ideals, and many sterling, practical business qualities which contributed largely to the success of the institution since his connection with it.

A man of means, he might have spent his life in quiet ease, but work was to him a rich source of happiness, and he devoted himself heart and soul to the advancement and success of the college as well as the uplifting of the community at large.

He was kind, tender and sympathetic, and always ready to minister to the wants of the students, especially if needed to soothe sorrow, or assuage grief, or relieve illness. His jaunts to the country every Spring, with the Freshman Class as his guests, until frail health broke in upon his pleasure, are indicative of his generous, hospitable nature as well as his love for young people. He was always cheerful, and fond of telling jokes, of which he had a large stock on hand.

He was particularly noted for economy in managing the finances of the College, and was a model of industry, integrity, loyalty, and devotion to a cause. The promised reward of "well done, thou good and faithful servant," must surely be

his. He has gone "through labor to rest," through combat to victory. Such a life becomes a fountain of inspiration, and the current that flows from it brings refreshment to the souls of thousands.

LIZZIE L. BLOOMSTEIN.

MR. JOHN M. BASS and I came into service at the Peabody College for Teachers in 1899. From that time until the time of his death our duties brought us frequently together. Our acquaintance grew into such cordial and pleasant relations that I feel in a measure qualified to pay a tribute of respect to his life and character.

Mr. Bass was a good citizen and a valuable member of society. His kindly disposition and his pleasing manner won for him many friends. In his long service at the college he displayed a zeal and a devotion to its interests which will long be held in grateful remembrance. In his relation to the students he had many opportunities to befriend them. He was not unmindful of those who were less fortunate than himself. He ministered to the sick and was generous to the poor.

"Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's great famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A grand and noble creed."

EDWIN WEXLER KENNEDY.

THE passing away of our esteemed Secretary, Mr. John M. Bass, is a grievous loss to the College, Faculty, and students. Personally, I feel I have lost a kind friend, and shall most sincerely and deeply miss his ever-cheerful and pleasant presence in chapel and in his office. I extend my heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family.

MINNIE GATTINGER.

ONE trait of Mr. Bass's character, which perhaps few connected with the college had an opportunity of observing, was his tenderness toward children. Not only was he devoted to the highest interests of the Model School so long as it existed, but he was the kind, cordial friend of the children, and they realized it. He felt a genuine interest in their pleasures and happy diversions as well as in the more serious aspects of their education. I have seen this manifested many times, both to the children in a body, and to individuals. His own heart never lost its youth. Perhaps this was one secret of the rare gift which he possessed of being able to look sympathetically upon the characteristic foibles of young people as well as upon their worthy efforts and ambitions. This, coupled with his intense belief in the potentialities of childhood, won for him unsought their confidence and affection.

MARY P. JONES.

AMONG Mr. Bass's prominent characteristics were his geniality, wholesome humor and heroic cheerfulness; his genuineness, his broad and keen sympathies. On all occasions he was ready to lend a hand with unusual good judgment. Many of us will always remember with deep gratitude the helpfulness of the kind-hearted, clear-headed, courteous gentleman.

CAROLINE CARPENTER.

WHAT a man loves and what a man would like to do often discloses real character more truly than what he actually does. It has been said that Mr. Bass loved the field and the forest and the science of Botany. It is equally true that he loved the rocks and the hills and science of Geology. The charm of the topography of Middle Tennessee appealed to him, and nothing was to him more refreshing and helpful than an outing over hill and dale. His eye was quick to see the interesting thing, the unusual thing, and his returns from the country were usually marked by a contribution to our collections.

Mr. Bass appreciated the work of the famous Gerard Troost, our first State Geologist; and he felt keenly the misfortune experienced by this College and by the State of Tennessee in the loss of the priceless collections made by that great man. It was, therefore, his ardent desire to make good in some measure the losses thus sustained. Nothing would have

pleased him more than the erection on these grounds of an adequate building, known as Troost Hall,—a building which should be a museum of natural history, equipped with rare collections of minerals, fossils, and objects of ethnological interest.

He lost no opportunity to add to our collections. He secured for this College on two different occasions large contributions of ores and minerals which had been gathered at the State Capitol by the Department of Agriculture. Only a few days before his death he brought in some unusually perfect fossils found near his home. His sympathetic interest and helpfulness in this department will be missed.

P. H. MANNING.

IN common with every individual who has been a member of the Peabody College community during Mr. Bass's connection with it, I deeply deplore his death and feel keenly his loss. Mr. Bass had been a zealous, painstaking officer of the institution for many years, a sharer in its traditions, a believer in its future greatness.

His diligence in his official capacity was natural in a man of his character. Whatever position he assumed, he fulfilled its obligations with unswerving fidelity. But his devotion to our institution did not arise merely from a natural bent to perform faithfully every duty. He loved the University of Nashville. He was familiar with its history, the long line of illustrious

alumni whose careers had made it famous, and he gloried in all its noble traditions. And besides, the Peabody College of to-day was to him a worthy institution in which he took a genuine pride. He had faith, too, in its future, and out of this faith came a purpose and a determination to advance its every interest. In him the College had not only a competent official, but a real friend, whose loyalty was evinced in numberless ways.

In his official relations he exhibited such fatherly interest in the student, such sympathetic spirit toward the instructors, and such uniform courtesy to all, that it is no wonder there was felt for him a sincere affection and esteem.

His cordial, gentlemanly bearing, the geniality of his spirit, his large sense of humor, the breadth of his culture, made him a most companionable man, with whom it was a delightful privilege to associate.

His was a noble soul. I never knew a man who had greater contempt for things small or mean, and the contemplation or suggestion of such aroused in him an indignation and scorn which showed, as nothing else did, the strong, positive side of his character.

Altruistic motives dominated his life. He believed that a man owed something to his community and to his generation besides that for which he received material compensation. As an evidence of this, he held many places of trust that carried with them arduous duties, but no pecuniary emolument. And in all these trusts he was as faithful, as zealous, as careful, as if they had been his own private affairs.

How faithful he was to every duty, how reliable and true in every emergency, how absolutely honest, how heroic in the face of a sure and sudden taking off, how loyal he was to our College, how solicitous of the students, jealous of their good name, desirous of their success,—all these things have been told and well told by others who have contributed to this memorial, and need not be dwelt upon further here.

Mr. Bass wrought well during his life. He made a place in the hearts of a great many people. He served his day and generation; up to the very last he gave of his best. Could more be expected of any man?

J. W. BRISTER.

TWO traits of the character of Mr. Bass evidenced themselves continually and prominently throughout my association with him, and will stand out permanently in strong relief in all my memories of the man. These were his unfaltering devotion to duty and his unvarying kindness. Both are by no means common qualities, yet both were possessed by him in such degree as to make them his distinguishing characteristics.

Shortly after the beginning of my acquaintance with him, Mr. Bass began to experience indications of the presence of the disease which was later to terminate his life, and was advised by his physicians that he could not continue active work without great danger to himself. At a consultation a few months later, he was told that his condition was such as to

imperatively demand immediate discontinuance of his duties as Secretary of the College. On the following day Mr. Bass repeated to me the verdict of his physicians, adding that he proposed to relieve himself of the burden of his own personal business at once, but that he would discontinue his work as Secretary of the College only when physical disability compelled him to do so. He knew that his condition was serious, but he felt that to abandon his duties would be to lose an opportunity for usefulness to the institution, and he unhesitatingly placed the good of the College before all personal considerations.

I think we cannot too often or too strongly emphasize the fact that for the past four years Mr. Bass daily devoted all his time and strength to the duties of his office, often at the cost of very great physical discomfort, in the full knowledge that his span of life was being materially shortened thereby, and that death might come at any moment. That only his intimates knew his condition, and that they saw in him no indication of morbid brooding and heard no word of complaint, is conclusive proof that there was much of the heroic in the fibre of which he was made.

I have said that an unvarying kindliness was his distinguishing characteristic. There was in him nothing of that superficial and spurious cordiality which is assumed by those who desire to be considered "good fellows" by their associates. There was in him nothing counterfeit, nothing insincere. Nor was his nature of that type which maintains what may be termed passive friendships. Those whom he considered worthy of

his esteem had in him not merely a congenial friend; they found a sympathetic and tolerant nature which found its most genuine joy in unostentatious service. No higher word of praise may be said of any life than that it was spent in service.

JOSEPH S. CALDWELL.

IT is very difficult, under circumstances such as the present, to reflect upon the character of a friend who has gone, and discover those qualities which have won our honor and love. The absolute integrity of Mr. Bass has been justly spoken of as perhaps his most pronounced characteristic; and yet integrity alone may make but a cold man and a poor friend. To it there must be added a genial heart-warmth and a friendly attitude of mind, if the character is to be complete.

And it is this quality in the life of Mr. Bass, which will leave the deepest impress upon my memory. His optimism, his agreeable manner, his genuineness, made him a friend who invited one's utmost confidence; while his love of humor marked him as of that human sort to which the whole world is so strongly drawn.

These were the things that endeared him to us all, and to these qualities I wish here to pay a last poor tribute.

EUGENE TAVENNER.

PEABODY COLLEGE has sustained, in the death of Mr. Bass, one of the greatest losses in its history. Mr. Bass's value to the College was beyond estimate. He loved the College and devoted his life to its interest, and his great business ability made his services of inestimable worth to the institution. But it is as a friend that we shall miss him most. He was loved by every member of the Faculty and by the whole student body. I know of no other example where a business official of a college was so highly respected and generally loved by every member and friend of the institution.

FRANK F. FRANTZ.

I HAD the privilege of knowing Mr. Bass a little over two years. While my intercourse with him during that time was never such as to bring me into very close, personal touch with him, I was nevertheless thrown with him enough to learn to appreciate something, at least, of his genuine worth. The traits of his character that left the strongest impression upon me were his courtesy, his sincerity, his kindness of heart. The grand old name of "gentleman" he bore without abuse. One needed not to be told that through his veins there coursed the blood of a noble ancestry; his every word and act showed it. He seemed utterly devoid of anything approaching duplicity. In talking with him, one soon discovered that here was a man whose words and actions were a real index of his character;

that what he said he believed, and what he did he felt. It was, however, the kindness of his disposition that impressed me most. His acts of kindness were done in a simple, unostentatious way, as though apparently the only thing to be done. And so they were for him, for it was his nature to be thoughtful and considerate of others. Peabody College has suffered no small loss in the death of a man like John M. Bass, in whom were exemplified those traits that seemingly characterized our Southland of a generation ago more markedly than they do to-day,—unfailing courtesy, unquestioned sincerity, kindness in which there was no ostentation and no pride.

JAMES B. WHAREY.

I BECAME acquainted with Mr. John M. Bass during the summer of 1907, upon my entrance into the Faculty of Peabody College. He at once impressed me as a gentleman—a courteous gentleman of the old Southern school—and this impression was verified when our acquaintance ripened through business intercourse into friendship. Every day, serious contracts involving mutual confidence, and even partnerships for life, are based upon contact less frequent and less prolonged than ours was. Our intercourse was only occasional, and I did not know him very long, but long enough to be positive now in my estimate of his manhood.

A man often may be gauged best by the verdict of those about him engaged in menial occupation. In the quiet of my

laboratory workshop I sometimes enjoy the confidence of Felix, the colored janitor and man of all work. More than once, since the fatal stroke, Felix remarked to me in simple language and subdued voice: "*Mr. Bass was a good man, a square man. Mr. Bass was my good friend.*" Instead of fulsome eulogy in behalf of one who needs it not, I am content thus to quote and to endorse the sincere sentiment uttered by this humble man.

DAVID SPENCE HILL.

ALTHOUGH my relations with Mr. Bass were chiefly of a business nature, his uniform courtesy caused me to think of him as a personal friend rather than as a business official of the University. Upon my arrival in Nashville for the first time, he was very solicitous for my becoming comfortably established in the city. The kindness then manifested I soon found to be a permanent trait of his character. I have appreciated deeply such measure of his friendship as I have been permitted to enjoy, and feel a keen sense of personal loss at his death.

EDWARD J. FILBEY.

IT was at a class banquet held in Ewing Gymnasium in May, 1891, the year I left Peabody College, that I first saw Mr. Bass. As a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Nashville, Mr. Bass responded briefly to a toast. I was

impressed with his strong personality, his sincerity, and his seeming devotion to Peabody College. After the lapse of many years, a letter came to me from the College, signed by John M. Bass, Secretary and Treasurer. I at once recalled the class banquet, and regarded my *alma mater* as fortunate in having the services of such a man in that capacity. Some weeks later, September 26, 1907, a few days before I was to assume duties as a member of the Faculty, I came to Nashville, and next morning went to the Secretary's office. Mr. Bass greeted me in his clever, cordial manner, and I at once was made to feel at home. The Secretary had favorably impressed me a second time. My association and relations with him since have only served to heighten my earlier impressions.

Besides being a man of unquestioned integrity and systematic business ability, Mr. Bass possessed many other good qualities that drew men to him. He was broad-minded, well-poised, and big-hearted. His judgment and opinion on most any matter was worth considering. Being a good story-teller, well read, and widely acquainted with men and things, he could always illuminate a discussion or brighten a conversation with his readiness to "point a moral or adorn a tale." Always patient, always kind, always genial, he not only had no enemy on the campus, but was the honored and respected friend of all. The same, day in and day out, he performed faithfully, impartially, and efficiently the duties which he felt belonged to his office.

The same genial manner and sturdy integrity which made for him a friend of every one connected with the College had

likewise won for him the high esteem of his fellow citizens of the city and State. Peabody College will miss Mr. Bass.

I. S. WAMPLER.

I KNEW Mr. Bass only five months, but during that time I saw very much of him, and almost from the very beginning felt that I had known him for years. Kindness, geniality, friendliness, what I might call soul-sunshine, radiated from him and warmed the hearts and souls of those who came in contact with him. Mr. Bass was an aristocrat and a gentleman in the best sense of the terms,—an aristocrat and gentleman of a school which, unfortunately, is fast vanishing in these strenuous times. He realized the ideal the noble Greeks strove for in their best days, and observing him I understood what they meant by the *diagógic* life. He was a man of heart as well as head, a man of great consideration and sense of fitness; a man of worth and personality, which are the greatest of all possessions.

I loved Mr. Bass. I spent many a delightful hour with him, and in his death I have suffered a personal loss,—the loss of a human influence full of benignity and rich in beneficence. I regret very much that it was not my good fortune to have known him longer.

JOSIAH MORSE.

AS an example to the large number of young men and women observing him, it seems to me that a life exemplifying the traits of character observed in Mr. Bass has more of force than if his attainments had been of a larger order and his field of action broader.

Mr. Bass embodied for us virtues attainable in the small spheres of life, his area of influence being the circle of home and business associates. I had seven years of pleasant association with him and of observation of his characteristics, and recognized from the first the qualities of sympathy, courtesy, and gentlemanliness,—all homely, attainable virtues.

Mr. Bass's conception of honesty has been dwelt upon by others more closely associated with him in business relations, but cannot be too much emphasized. As Librarian of Peabody College, I had such dealing with him, and was held by him to strictest accounting, yet always with considerate courtesy.

Mr. Bass told me once that since his association with Peabody College he had come in contact with so many earnest young women, young girls with an aim and definite object in their lives, that his own conception of woman had enlarged, and that he now felt out of sympathy with the "butterfly attitude" of the woman whose life is without definite aim. This last idea I give to the young women of Peabody College as an expression from their true friend, whose vision of life and duty and aim is *now* even more cleared.

JENNIE E. LAUDERDALE.

IN the passing of Mr. John M. Bass the entire College community has sustained an inestimable loss. This is pre-eminently true of the Physical Training Department. His attitude toward our work was always that of the sympathetic participant. From his own boyhood days in the preparatory school in New Haven, where he was one of the foremost players in the game of Rugby Football, and when he could "chin the bar" twenty times without touching the floor, down to his last days, his interest in this phase of education never flagged. On the other hand, it was constantly manifested in our daily association during the past five years. Whether we planned an entertainment for the boys and girls, or some internal improvement for the Gymnasium, or one of his annual outings for large classes of College students in the Glendale Hills, it was the same. He was keenly interested in every detail, and whatever contributed to the welfare and healthful enjoyment of youth, he was ever ready to encourage and to support financially.

In the supervision of students in their temporary homes, he was our chief adviser. When dealing with questions of right and wrong doing on the part of students, or the keepers of these homes, he decided promptly and wisely upon the right course, then prosecuted it unwaveringly to the end.

Peabody College, and the cause of education in general, has indeed lost one of its staunchest friends in the death of Mr. Bass.

JEANNETTE M. KING.

THE two characteristics of Mr. Bass which impressed me most were his straightforward and business-like methods, and his keen sense of humor. My business dealings with Mr. Bass involved only small amounts, and yet I found him as conscientious and painstaking as if the amounts were large and the matters involved of a serious nature. No higher tribute, I think, can be paid a man than to say of him that he was as strictly honest in small, almost trivial matters, as in large and important transactions.

Mr. Bass always had a kind word for every one, and enjoyed a good-natured joke. When I wrote to a friend, who was a student here in former years, concerning the death of Mr. Bass, his reply was: "He was always kind and obliging in his business dealings, and almost always had some good joke to tell." This, I believe, is the picture of the man which hundreds of former students carry in their minds and cherish in their hearts.

W. O. FLOYD.

SINCE the summer of 1898, it has been my great privilege to count among my friends Mr. John M. Bass. Mr. Bass was deeply interested in the work of the Winthrop Model School. A boy at heart, he entered into the spirit of boys as no one else could. It was his custom to spend a short time each week with us, and he usually chose the period given to

manual training; frequently he brought models, and helped the boys to work out the design.

So great was our love for him that no pleasure seemed complete without him. Always gentle, courteous, and fatherly, his very presence was a benediction; and his memory will be as sweet as were the many branches of spring flowers he so often left on our window sill.

MARY ARTHUR.

COMING to Peabody as I did, a stranger to the College and every one connected with it, and at the same time wholly unfamiliar with the work to be done, I was in every way dependent upon Mr. Bass for help and instruction. The patience with which he answered my every question and carefully explained to me the details of the work, as well as the kindness with which he made corrections or offered suggestions gave me assurance from the first that I would find in him not only a pleasant employer, but a friend as well. Two and one-half years of daily association with him as Assistant Secretary proved these first impressions true.

Mr. Bass was a careful business man, scrupulously honest, economical, and ever watchful of the best interests of the College. Exact and careful in every particular, he had no patience with negligence or carelessness on the part of others. In directing the affairs of the office he was considerate of the feelings of others and recognized and respected the rights and

privileges of those under his supervision. He gave no commands, but in assigning a duty did it as though he were making a request or asking a personal favor. He manifested a kindly personal interest in all, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to contribute to the happiness of others. I feel that I can pay no higher tribute to the memory of Mr. Bass than to say that by his every word and act he proved that he richly deserved the high place he occupied in public esteem.

BELLE M. STORY.

THE memory of Mr. Bass will be cherished by the hundreds of Peabody students scattered over the South, and by all who were closely associated with him in college duties. Within the strictly honest, business atmosphere of his life, he carried a warm and generous heart, a true insight into the needs of his fellow man, and a heart and mind ever ready to give unostentatious aid.

To me he has left many pleasant kindnesses inscribed inerasably on the tablets of the heart. A vivid picture comes to me of a Christmas morning several years ago. It was the first I had been separated from the cheerful living voices and sympathy of my home. A Christmas away from home! Who cannot recall in later years with a saddened heart his first experience? I could not think of anything that I could do that would compensate for the loss of the companionship of home on a Christmas morning. After breakfast, I thought of the

Christmas tree given in former years at our Gymnasium for the poor. When I arrived, the room was full of little children in tatters and rags, little street urchins, with hair unkempt; but all with faces as bright as the morning. Mr. Bass, who had left his own warm fireside to minister to the wants of these little ones, was here, there, and everywhere, seeing that every one received his share of Christmas things. Seeing me, he must have divined something of my homesickness, for he immediately put me to work distributing presents. I soon caught the sunshine of the "it is more blessed to give than to receive." I went back to my boarding house with a heart filled with happiness.

GRACE LEWIS GORDON.

WITH the death of Mr. John M. Bass, one of Nashville's best known and most useful citizens has passed away. He was thoroughly identified with this city and its people and interests by birth and life-long residence, and in many ways he contributed to its progress. Much of his talent and energy was devoted to educational work. As Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the University of Nashville he gave assiduous attention and labor to the interests of that institution and the Peabody College for Teachers, conducted under its auspices. In this work and as a trustee of Watkins Institute, with its night school, Mr. Bass' labors were incalculable in their value. He was a citizen of the highest standing and usefulness, but one

who never sought to push himself into public notice, and a man whose intellectual attainments, sterling character, and admirable personal qualities won for him many strong and lasting friendships.

EDITORIAL IN THE NASHVILLE BANNER,
November 20, 1908.

FAIRHAVEN, MASS., November 19, 2.30 P.M.

My Dear Governor Porter:

Your telegram has just reached me, and I learn with real sorrow that Mr. Bass has passed away. I have always had great respect for Mr. Bass, for he was always and everywhere a true gentleman. I have felt, too, that in him I had a friend who would gladly give me any aid I might require.

He has rendered invaluable service to the Peabody College. Every one connected with the College loved Mr. Bass; he was so kind and helpful, and you, Governor Porter, will miss him whichever way you turn, in business matters, in social intercourse, and in daily companionship.

Most sincerely do I mourn with you and with the College at the great loss you have sustained.

Sincerely,

JULIA A. SEARS.

LEIPZIG, GERMANY, December 9, 1908.

Dear Governor Porter:

This will be a sad Christmas at the College—a “father” has been called from the household. Coming to the College when he did and serving it as he did, Mr. Bass rendered it a service which one can hardly estimate. Aside from all this he was a true, noble man, with a loving heart and helpful hand. His deeds will live, as all deeds that spring from an unselfish nature.

PROFESSOR A. P. BURLAND.

CHICAGO, November 23, 1908.

My Dear Governor Porter:

I want to express to you the keen feeling of personal loss I experienced when I heard of the death of Mr. Bass. He certainly was a true friend to every student and member of the Faculty at Peabody, and I was greatly shocked at the news of his sad demise.

Not only do I feel the loss personally, but I feel, too, that the College has lost a good and true friend and laborer for the highest good of which it is capable.

The rest of the boys here from Peabody join me in this expression of sympathy for the loss of a personal friend to each

and every one of us and an efficient, courteous, and capable college official.

Sincerely,

W. C. MOORE.

26 Snell Hall, University of Chicago.

FARMVILLE, VA., December 13, 1908.

Dear Governor Porter:

Only this past week the sad news reached me of Mr. Bass's death, and it was a very great shock to me. You know something of what his friendship and fatherly protection were to me throughout my three years there; and I know how sorely and truly he will be missed. I cannot think of the College without him. Please accept these few words to express the heartfelt sympathy of one who loved him, whom God has seen fit in His wisdom to call to his reward.

ELOISE AMBLER HARRISON.



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